

AP
101
P96

VOL. LIX. No. 1525.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 23, 1906.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

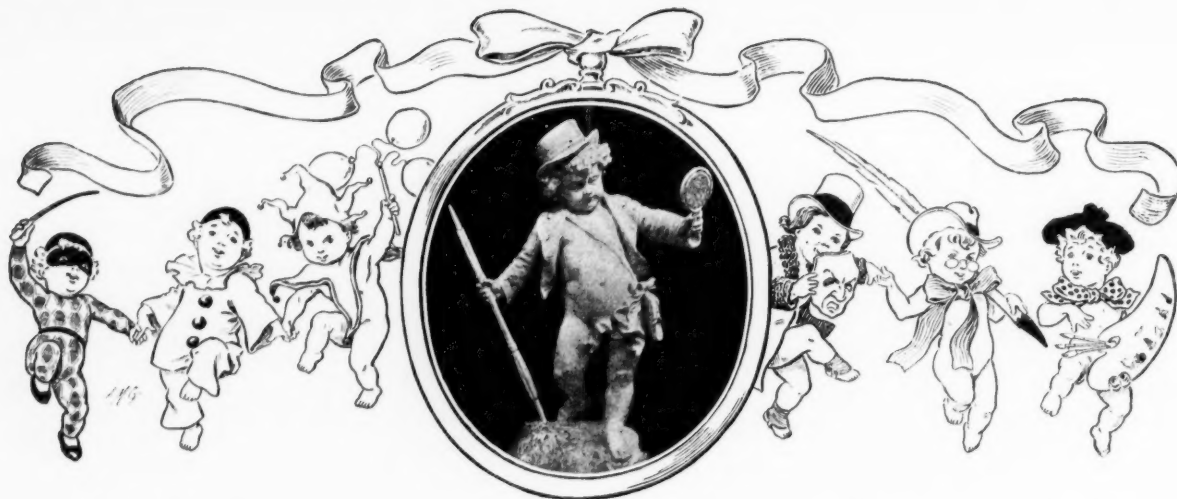
Puck

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THE INFANT HERCULES AND THE STANDARD OIL SERPENTS.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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PUCK
No. 1525. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1906
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE American Association of Deliberate and Unqualified Falsifiers is soon to be organized at Washington. There are several prominent candidates for Grand Master.

THERE IS so much Standard Oil muck that responds to the fine-tooth rake that we expect to hear, any day, of *Jim Garfield's Magazine*.

HERBERT BOWEN and General Miles request the pleasure of William E. Chandler's company at a little "We-know-how-you-feel" session. R. S. V. P.

ONLY FOUR more months for Odell. How he does hang on!

A BROOKLYN BIGAMIST, who was found out, has announced his intention of "going into exile." Oh, Brooklyn is not such a Siberia!

RUSSIAN OFFICERS declare there will be another war with Japan within five years. If so, Russia will demonstrate, in the manner of another great European power, that she never knows when she is beaten.

"JOSHUA HAD faith in God and push and determination. Let us take the initiative and go forth and accomplish something." — *Young John D. Rockefeller*.

Yea, my brethren. Let us fix up a few secret rebates and go forth and do somebody.

BY THE WAY, what has become of the Nicholas Longworths?

WHAT? Take off the tariff on building material so that 'Frisco may be helped? Why, inasmuch as the tariff is the salvation of American labor—any Republican platform will tell you that—it would be nothing short of madness to deprive the Pacific coast work-

man of its balm-like benefit just at a time when he needs assistance most. Besides, you know, it is the foreigner, not the American, who pays the tariff tax.

MOSS, according to

Dr. Hausteen, is destined to become a great popular food for the masses. Insist on having your morning moss predigested.

IN ORDER to guard against spinal curvature, Superintendent Maxwell of the New York schools has issued an edict on "The Carrying of Books." Pupils shall be required to carry their books on the right side on the even days of the month and on the left side on the odd days. A simpler method would be to cut out the home-work, whereupon, if we reason correctly, the necessity for carrying books home would cease to be pressing. Possibly, too, if some of the Maxwell fads were dropped, the juvenile spines would straighten up of their own accord.



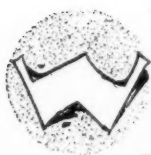
WHO WOULDN'T BE?

The Czar is said to be much dissatisfied with the present status of the Russian navy.

—*News Item*.

ADVANCE SHEETS.

AMERICAN NOTES (*Translated from the Russian*).



AS most cordially received at the dock. Ten thousand cheered me. Picking my friends at once. Mr. Mark Twain is one of them from the start. Noble man. I can see that. Tried me in my native tongue, but I could n't catch on. Mr. W. Franklin Square Howells, has allowed me to be presented to him. Mark T. calls him Bill. I shall do so. Mark tells me Bill is the President of American Literature. Bill admits it.

Hotels here are gorgeous. So are people. It seems to me I never had so many friends at once. Have just quantities of invites to drop in, call 'round, etc., but fear I can't, as Mark T. and Bill H. have all kinds of plans for me. This is certainly a roaring sport of a country. Gladhandedest place I ever saw.

They certainly have queer customs here. Returned from a ride with some of my friends, and was met at my hotel by some peasant-looking fellows carrying my trunks out through the lobby. Clerk said only way I could save trunks was to watch where they went. . . . It seems they needed my room, so were forced to move trunks. I have gone to another hotel, with trunks.

This trunk custom is queer. Had same gag played at this hotel. Met Mark Twain on sidewalk while



AT THE MOTOR HUNT CLUB.

THE HONORABLE MISS CONSTANTIA (*home from the meet*).—Papa, you'll just have to buy me a new auto. My light tonneau hunter actually refused a five-barred gate this morning, and I was so mortified!

trunks were being loaded. He did n't know me. My old friend Bill Howells was with him, but has gone blind. Terrible affliction.

Again. These American hotels have certainly got me going. Have spent the night in a Russian bath. Don't know where my trunks are. It is a queer custom.

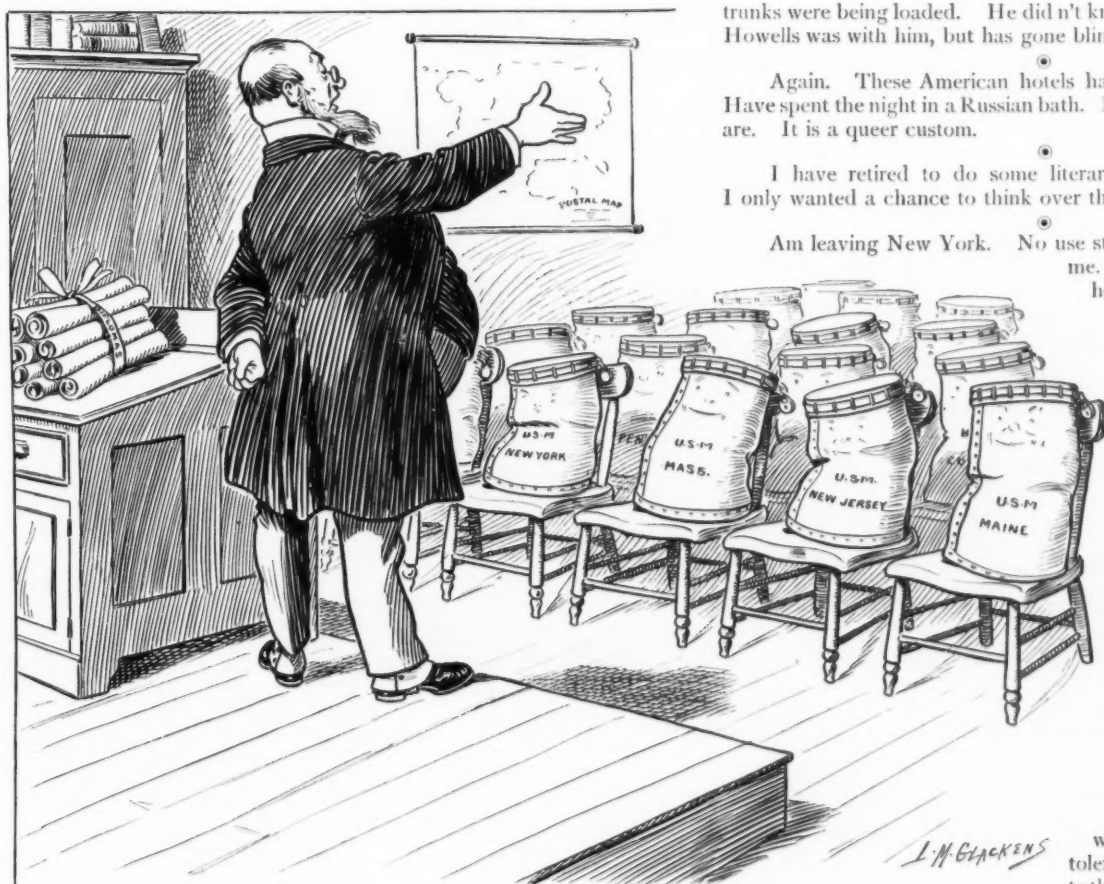
I have retired to do some literary work. (This is a bluff: I only wanted a chance to think over the trunk custom.)

Am leaving New York. No use staying where nobody knows me. See by papers Bill H. says he never knew anything truly aesthetic to come out of Russia. Dear me!

Boston is worse than New York. Had to leave my trunks at Massachusetts State line. Was going to speak in a hall here, but it was found they wanted same for other purposes. Don't care much where I speak.

I spoke, somewhere. Nobody there. Am sleeping in a basement near Back Bay Station. I'd like to know where my trunks are —

At home. Tour concluded. So am I. There is only one country in the world where conditions are more intolerable than in Russia. I refer to the United States. Trunk custom is execrable. Fred. Ladd.



COMMENCEMENT DAY AT THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

The likelihood is that business conditions would be healthier, if it were not that so few of us are in business for our health.

HUBBLEY GOES SHOPPING.

MRS. HUBBLEY had to have a new corset. She could not get away from their suburban home, being compelled to stay at the bedside of the sick little boy, and so she asked her husband if he would not go to one of the big department stores and purchase the corset for her.

"It will be perfectly easy," she assured him. "Just ask the way to the corset department, and then tell one of the salesladies that you want a B. X. corset, long straight front, cut high on the sides, and—Wait a minute, though. I will cut a picture of it from an advertisement, and you may simply show that to the saleslady and she will know just what you want. Remember, though, that the size is 19."

"Oh," Hubbley replied, "that will all be easy enough. Never mind about the picture of the fool thing. I guess I've matched enough ribbon and bought enough thread in my time to know how to handle this case."

That morning Mr. Hubbley made his way to the department store and asked the floorwalker to direct him to the corset counter. He followed instructions and found himself in a section of the store that was filled with women. There were corsets of all kinds, makes, styles and sizes on every side. They varied from the severely plain to marvels of lace, ribbon and color. Catching the eye of a saleslady, Mr. Hubbley



leaned over the counter confidentially and murmured:

"I want to get a corset."

He purposely spoke in a low tone, yet it seemed to him as though his voice reverberated throughout the entire building. A great wave of uneasiness swept over him. All these people were looking at him, he knew.

"What is it, sir?" asked the saleslady.

"A—a corset."

"Yes, sir. What size?"

"Why—er—er—let me see. I want a corset for a lady twenty-eight years old. She's a little bigger than you, but taller."

"Don't you know what size she wears?"

"N—not exactly. It's for my wife," he assured the girl in low and earnest tones. "I believe she said it was a five-dollar size."

"But they don't go according to price. The waist measure-



AUTO TERM.

AN ENDURANCE TEST.

ment regulates the size," the saleslady explained, pityingly, and with no attempt to conceal it.

"Wait a minute. She said she wanted a B. X. corset, cut low in the back, with a straight side, and high in front, and nineteen inches through."

"I don't believe," replied the girl, repressing a giggle, "that we have any corsets of that description."

"It was something like that, anyway. Can't you give me one that approximates these dimensions?"

"Maybe you could pick out what you want from the samples on display."

Hubbley thought that a good idea, and betook himself to the cases. He felt like a man caught in the front row at a burlesque show, when he had given out information that he must attend a class meeting. Everybody about him, he knew, was wondering what manner of man he was, and why he should be there. In the midst of a lot of bashful reflections he saw a corset that appealed to him as a thing of symmetry and grace.

IN THE DEPTHS OF CHICAGO.



I. HELD-UP CITIZEN.—Help! Help! Police!



II. RUBBER-SOLED SMIKE.—'S'all right, cop! Here's me union card, see! Highwaymen's Local, No. 64.



III. THE COP (as he departs).—Go ahead, pal! If yer'd been a scab, I'd ha' jugged yer.



A SUBTLE HINT.

THE BOSS.—You should save half you earn, my boy!
HIS OFFICE BOY.—I would, if I could get it!

"This looks like it," he told the saleslady, pointing feebly.
"That one is \$128," she told him.
"A hundred and twenty-eight!" he shouted; and this time everybody did look at him.
"Now, look here," he said to the girl. "My wife wants me to get her a corset. She weighs a hundred and thirty-two pounds. Can you figure out anything from that?"
The girl went back of the showcases, pulled out one box after another and at length found a corset which seemed to her to be what Hubbley might want. She unrolled the thing, wrapped it neatly about her waist and turned to his horrified gaze.
"Does this look like it?" she calmly inquired.
"Good heavens, woman! Take that thing off? W-what would people think? Why, I'm an elder in the church, and——"
"My dear sir, I simply wanted to show you the general effect of the corset. You see, it is cut quite low, and has the long straight front effect, and"—turning around—"over the——"
But Hubbley was gone. Rushing through the crowd of shop-

pers, he found his way to the main entrance. Before he reached the open air he passed the book-counter whereon was displayed "Health and Grace for Woman—The Disfiguring Corset. Special To-day at 39 Cents."

Hubbley paused long enough to purchase a copy.

W. D. Nesbit.

SPECULATIONS.

THE circling planets in the sky—
'T is thought they are inhabited;
Their people's plane of thought is high,
Much different from ours, 't is said.

And when we take a thoughtful view
Of all the distant worlds up there,
Men wonder what the people do;
The women wonder what they wear!



"SHORT CIRCUITED."

PUCK

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT REASON.

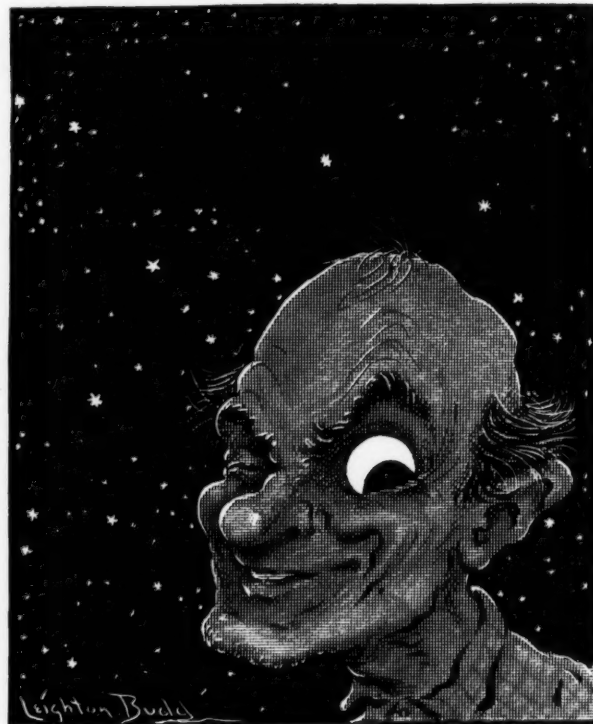
"**L**OOGIN' AT it in a puhdigious way," philosophizingly remarked good old Brother Quackenboss, "it 's uh-'stoundin' how liberal de membuhs of de diffunt 'nominations hate each udder for de glory of de Lawd—yassah! Yuh dey goes, uh-promulgatin' down de pafway of life; all makin' de same time and all aimin' for the same destitution, and, uh-well, dess loogy at 'em—'bominatin' each udder like hosdoctahs!"



"Dar 's de Presbyterians and de New School Presbyterians and de Newnited Presbyterians and de Cumbersome Presbyterians, and de Lawd knows what else kinds of 'em, all loogin' at de rest like dey s'picion deir pockets is filled wid countyfeit money; and de 'Piscopilians, steppin' high and comin' down on deir heels, triumphant in de b'lief dat dey has a patent on salvation and nobody else can use any of it; and de Congregationalists, sawtuh wanderin' along and uh-wonderin' what to do next; and de Campbellites, 'most enginer'ly beginnin' to sp'ile as soon as dey git out 'n de water; and de Quakers and de Shakers, uh-quakin' and uh-shakin' like so many cawnpoppers; and de Newnitarrians, loogin' like dey dunnuh whuh dey 's at; and dat 'ar queer little 'nomination—I fuhgits de name—dat don't b'lieve in havin' an awgin in de church; and de plain Babdists and de Primitive Babdists and de Missionary Babdists and de Hard-shell Babdists and de Seven-day Babdists and de Low-brush Babdists—all dese yuh 'nominations, and a good many mo', parsin' along de same road to 'ads de same heaven and all uh-squabblin' and uh-squibbin' at each udder over some fetch-taked little ticky diffunces in creed and by-laws dat don't 'mount to a hill o' beans one way or de tudder and don't win 'em nothin' but de sarcastics and mocks of de sinners dat don't fight less 'n dey 've got suhtin' wuth fightin' over. W'yn't dey drops all dis yuh paltry foolishness and march triumphant right up to glory wid—"

"What 's dat, sah? What was yo' specification? Den w'yn't we-all j'ine in wid de rest of 'em like I suggestions? Who? *Us?* Man, yo' 'pears to have some sawt o' queer attribute in yo' head, to ax dat kinduh question! De reason, sah, dat we don't convolute wid dem possuns am dat we-all is Shoutin' Meferdist, and de Shoutin' Meferdists is *right!* And 'tain't to be s'posed dat we'd j'ine in wid folks dat 's wrong fum de start to de finish, and ort to know dey 's wrong if dey knows anything a-tall, and go blunderin' blindly into de ditch along wid de rest of 'em! Dat 's why!"

Tom P. Morgan.



JUST REVERSED.

THE MOON IN THE MAN.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

"**S**EE THAT old chap?" remarked the clubman, pointing out the window to an old peddler, who carried a basket of shoe-laces. "Well, he came to this country from Russia ten years ago. He borrowed some money to purchase a basket and began to peddle shoe-laces. How much do you think he 's worth to-day? Just make a guess."

Several large sums were mentioned expectantly.

"Wrong," said the clubman. "He is n't worth a cent and he still owes for the basket."

UNFORTUNATE.

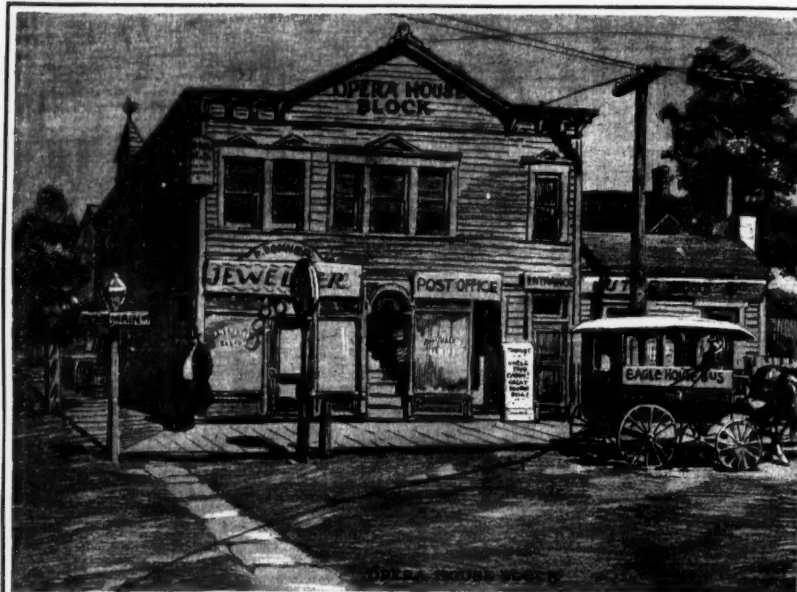
I BOUGHT a mine,
The mine is mine no more;
I struck a sharp,
And he, not I, struck ore!

I bought some stock,
Dame Fortune tried to woo;
The market changed;
It broke—and I broke too!

I loved a girl,
So dear to me, I vow;
I wedded her,
And she is *dearer* now!

Some men have luck,
Of me that can't be said;
If luck struck me
I'm sure 't would strike me dead!

H. W. Francis.



You know who this is, don't you?

*Dear Honk:
Here's the
New
Opera House;
now
you can
see how
Main St.
has changed.
When
are you
commg up?
Jed.*

PUCK'S SOUVENIR POSTALS.

CAREFULLY DESIGNED FOR ANYOLD TOWN AND GUARANTEED TO FIT.

IS NOT genius rather the capacity for doing without eating in order to have the means of advertising?

The mare is by no means singular. Everything goes, where money is the motive.

PUCK

APROPOS OF "RESTRICTED" PROPERTY.



I.
The "carefully restricted neighborhood" when Bilkins bought his house.

QUEERED.

THEY sat out on the lawn listening to the serenade of the frogs. He was proposing. "Darling," he whispered, "I love you, I love you!" "It is all very nice for you men to say such things," replied the beautiful girl, coyly; "but—but how do I know you will be true?"

"True? I shall be as true as gold. I swear by yon red moon peeping above the horizon."

The beautiful girl giggled. "Why, George, you goose, you have been drinking those horrid cocktails again."

"W-what do you mean?" "Why, that's no red moon. That's the end of pa's cigar. He has been sitting out on the porch for the last hour."

PARADOXICAL.

THE nature feminine is prone To paradoxes-sly. To hints that may be deftly thrown The nature feminine is prone; For while she cannot throw a stone, A girl can heave a sigh. The nature feminine is prone To paradoxes-sly.

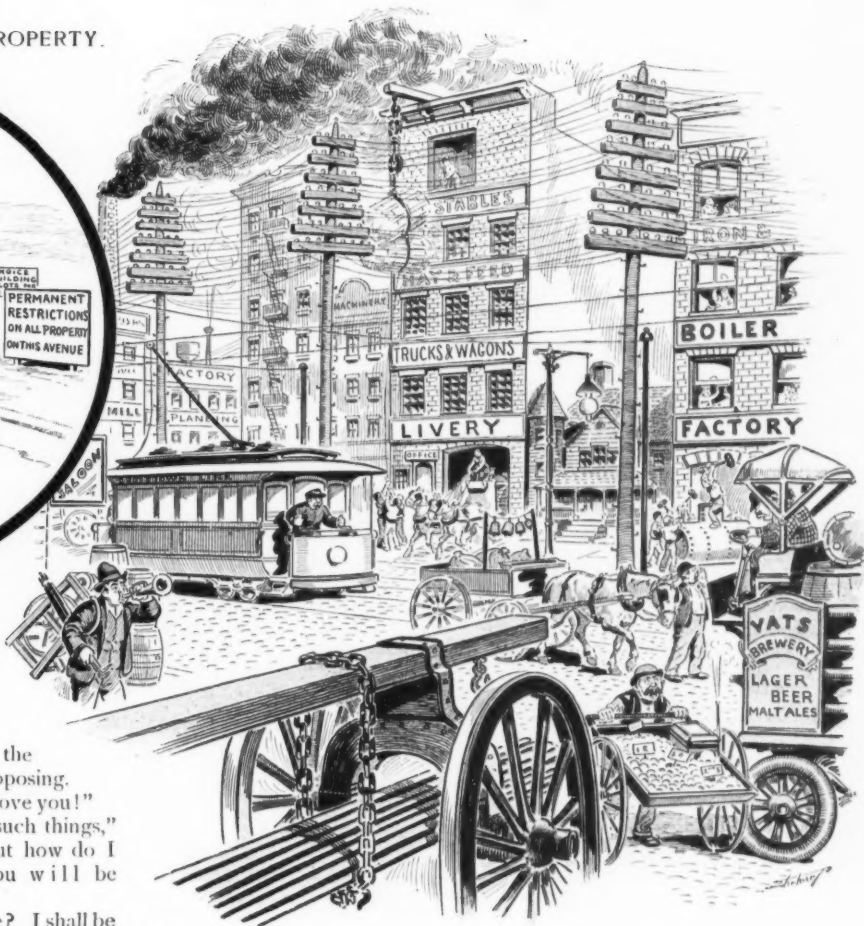
A MODEST ORDER.

THE IDLE RICH ONE.—Ya-as, I've decided to go in for ballooning a bit, so you may take my order.

THE AGENT.—What sort of balloon do you wish?

THE IDLE RICH ONE.—Why, to begin with, you might furnish me with a high-altitude balloon, a low-altitude one, a touring affair, and, say, a runabout balloonette for town use.

PHONETIC SPELLING would be a great boon to the man who won't pay over six dollars a week for a stenographer.



II.
Same "carefully restricted" locality some years later.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

THE Mississippi River was on a rampage and the sanctum of the Bingtown *Bazoo* was drifting aimlessly on its troubled waters. Ye editor of the *Bazoo* gazed thoughtfully across the miles of flooded landscape.

"Say, pop," remarked the devil, with a grin, "now 'd be a fine time to run that editorial of yours on 'Whither Are We Drifting?'"

WHAT?

THE Man With the Hoe glared wrathfully. "Who is this Man With the Muck-Rake going to be a brother too?" he enquired.

Herewith the fraternal relative of the ox complained to the Hon. Edwin Markham that the patent was infringed.

FRENCHMEN come by their reputation for superior politeness largely through their pretending to understand everybody who tries to speak their language. Other peoples do this, to be sure, but in the case of the French the pretense does greater violence to the truth.



CARTE BLANCHE.

THE ANGRY ONE.—Boy, I've come in here to slaughter the editor! NEWSPAPER OFFICE BOY.—Are youse a advertiser? "You bet I am!" "Go ahead den;—it'll be all right!"



J. GOTTSMAN UPM CO. PUCK 8100 N.Y.

WATCH THE PROFESSOR.
A MONSTROUS AND AMAZING FEAT OF MAGIC.



PUCK

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

The Way of the World.

A WARNING TO CATS.

[Nicotine poison is fatal to cats. — O. S. Mardin in *Success*.]



FROM days of Æsculapius
To these our days it is agreed
That nicotine is bad for Puss,
And tabbies should not use the weed.

One drop, as Doctor Calverley
Has said, will make a cat a ghost,
Useless, the scientists agree —
"Except," the Doctor adds, "to roast."

So every cat who reads *Success*
Should pattern after Robert Reed,
Mental and bodily distress
Are prisoned in "the filthy weed."



The rowdy Thomas cat who hits
A pipe or cigarette will find
That nicotine will give him fits,
Unbalance later on his mind.

The lady cat who on the sly
Delights to puff a cigarette
Will learn that this leads, bye and bye,
To moral madness, drink and debt.

So Toms and Tabbies all beware;
Hark to what Mr. Mardin says.
The noxious, deadly weed forswear,
And stick to catnip all your days.



We have frequently intended to clip from the newspapers the amazing statements emanating almost daily from Manhattan magistrates. They would make an interesting compilation. Here is the latest from Cadi Wahle: "Any man who has been aboard a ship nine months has a perfect right to get drunk."

The contents of the *Reader* magazine for May were written exclusively by Indiana authors. At that it is not so different from the other magazines.

"The women are so fond of lace curtains that they wear them as skirts."
—Ed. Howe.

People who live in lace houses should —

The Kaiser is to visit the Austrian Emperor, so Francis Joseph has had the spare room slicked up and a leaf put in the dining-room table, while for Bill's entertainment he has ordered the June list of phonograph records.

There is such a thing as being too conscientious and painstaking in a literary way. Two brothers in Georgia murdered a man in order to get local color for a book which they were writing, and their further literary labor has been postponed. It is sufficient these days to murder the English language.

Will the graduating class in Geography please stand up. Now then, young ladies, where is Italy located?
B. L. T.

BUSINESS COLLEGE SONGS.

THE SON OF A FINANCIER.

COME, join my humble ditty,
From Gotham town I steer,
Like every honest fellow
I get so much a year;
Like every honest fellow
I take my profits clear;
I'm a rambling rake of wealthiness,
The son of a Financier.

CHORUS.

The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Financier,
The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Financier.
Like every honest fellow
I take my profits clear;
I'm a rambling rake of wealthiness
The son of a Financier.

F. P. Adams.

THE STAND-PAT WAY.

"WHAT?" said the Consistent Protectionist, a person of whom you may have heard but whom you certainly never have seen. "What? Building materials to be admitted free of duty for San Francisco? It is an outrage! There are those unfortunate people just recovering from the shock of the earthquake and it is proposed to deluge them with pauper-made goods! Why, sir, the

thing to do is to build a Chinese Wall around them. Cut them off from all intercourse with the rest of the world and let them develop their own home industries. Then, indeed, we should see a New and Greater San Francisco, a city, the like of which the world has never yet seen!"

(This entirely imaginary person was, as we have observed) a consistent Protectionist."

Can you take a joke? If so, see Page 12.

NOT BOTHERING HIM.

THE CATCHER (of the "Harlem Young Yankees"). — Cheer up! De fans is only callin' yer fifty-seven varieties uv robber!

THE UMPIRE (smilingly). — Bigger men den me have tried ter suppress dis muck-rakin' fad an' failed.



THOSE FOOL QUESTIONS.

"Hello," says the man, seeing his friend sallying forth with pole and net and bait bucket. "Going fishing?"

"No," replies the friend, turning on him solemnly. "No. I'm going to stand on my head and keep my hair from falling out. What made you think I was going fishing?"

IF PEOPLE WERE TAKEN AT THEIR WORD.



I.

MRS. NABERLY.—Now, my dear, it's to be entirely informal. Don't stop to dress. Come over just as you are, both of you.



II.

MRS. NABERLY (an hour later).—! ! ? ? ! ?

IN THE YEAR 3000 OR THEREABOUTS.

"BUT how did you abolish graft?" asked the eager stranger. "Simplest thing in the world," replied the clergyman. "We got up a great revival and managed to interest the wives of the politicians. We convinced them that it is the

duty of every married woman to know how her husband makes his money and if it is not honestly made to see that he goes into some other line of business. Accordingly, we soon had the politicians' wives refusing jewelry and fine clothes and sending the proceeds to the conscience fund. You may think this incredible, but strange things happen during religious revivals in this thirty-first century. The politicians found that their domestic lives were not worth living, so what could they do but be honest? And the people naturally supported these regenerated ones and everything was lovely."

"But how about the politicians who were not on good terms with their wives, or not subject to their influence?"

"We attended to

their case. We passed a law that no man should be eligible to any office unless he had his wife's endorsement. So you see he had to be good."

"And the unmarried politicians? How about them?"

"We abolished them. That's what we did. Passed another law making matrimony compulsory to office-holders."



THE COLOR GUARD.

"But the women? Did you find no difficulty in getting all the women into the movement, or enough, at any rate, to make it a success?"

"No trouble at all — after it became fashionable. My dear sir, that is all you have to do. Go back to your own country and make graft unfashionable among the women — that is, make it fashionable for them to refuse tainted money from their husbands — and you will solve the whole problem."

And the stranger promised to think it over. Wm. E. McKenna.

UPS AND DOWNS.

"SMITH is not the fellow to put up a front."

"No; unless Mrs. Smith gets her back up."

One half the world does n't know how the other half lives, unless it is by not paying their bills.

**President Hadley
of Yale University
Recently Said:**

"If a man's purposes and ideals are such that he is seeking to attain them for himself at the expense of his fellow men, they are pagan ideals . . .

"If his ideals are such that each step toward their realization means the advancement of those about him, his purposes are Christian."

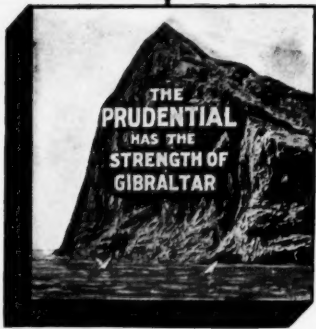
Write Now While You Think of it.

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Dept. P. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



The protection of the home is one of the first steps toward the realization of an ideal life.

And Life Insurance provides such protection better than anything that human ability and foresight have ever yet devised.

Write your name and address on the margin of this advertisement and send for a plan of home protection and saving that will interest you.

Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—See back label!

That's All!

CONTENTMENT.

I read dread news of earthquake shocks,
Of buildings tumbling down,
Of roaring seas of flame that sear
And devastate the town;
Of lives by hundreds blotted out,
And thousands forced to flee—

Well,

New England is n't perfect, but
It's good enough for me!

I read how old Vesuvius
Has started up again,
To mock with his tremendous force
The puny will of men;
To drive them from their humble homes,
And show what hell may be—

Well,

New England is n't perfect, but
It's good enough for me!

I read of cyclones, floods, and great
Disasters everywhere,
Of natural calamities
That drive men to despair;

And then I think how blest we are,
From all such trials free—

Yes,

New England is n't perfect, but
It's good enough for me!

—Somerville Journal.

GOOD SCHOOLING.

"Why don't you let Willie play in the street with the rest of the kids?" said Mr. Wise.

"I'm afraid it will spoil his clothes!" was the wife's answer.

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Wise, "we can buy clothes, but we can't buy brains!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**The Supreme
After-Dinner Cordial**



LIQUEUR EAGLETTE

An especially fine American product, acknowledged by connoisseurs to be unequalled here or abroad. As a delicious aid to digestion, and a cordial of delightful flavor, it is without a rival. A fitting finale to any feast.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES
Rheinstrom Bros. Cincinnati, U. S. A.

PUCK'S NOVEL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

Can You Take a Joke?

And Illustrate It Humorously in a Photograph?

If you can, the first of PUCK'S Competitions, that for AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, will give you a practical opportunity. :: ::

PUCK OFFERS THE FOLLOWING PRIZES
for the most effective photographic illustrations to the
joke accompanying this announcement. :: :: :: ::

First Prize, - \$25.00

Second Prize, \$15.00

Third Prize: A Set of H. C. Banner's Short Stories, Cloth (3 Volumes)

Fourth Prize: A Year's Subscription to PUCK.

THIS is a contest wholly different from the average photographic competition. We supply the subject—in this case, a dialogue—and you, with your camera, illustrate it. On the dress and make-up of the characters, on your posing of them, on their facial expression, and on the appropriateness of the background and accessories to the picture, which may be either indoor or outdoor, and in which as many figures may be introduced as is desired, your success as a competitor will depend.

The contest is now open. It will close September 1, 1906, as soon as possible after which date a decision will be rendered and the successful photographs reproduced in PUCK.

There are no burdensome conditions. It is not necessary to be a subscriber in order to be eligible. In competing, you are not limited to one photograph. Should you feel that a second attempt is better than a first, send the second along and it will be duly considered.

Photographs may be any size. This is strictly a contest for amateurs and by amateur we mean one who does not depend on photography for a livelihood.

PUCK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST No. 1

Subject for Competition:

A DIRECT SLAP AT PROVIDENCE.

FARMER BARNES.—Hawwah, I jest bought one o' them barometers that tell ye when it's goin' to rain.

HIS WIFE (astounded).—That tell ye when it's goin' to rain! Why, I never heard of such extravagance! What'd you suppose the good Lord sent ye the rheumatiz for?

If mailed unmounted, do not fold or roll your photograph—send it flat. Address it to

THE ART EDITOR OF PUCK,
Puck Building, New York.



A HELPING HAND.

MRS. CORRIGAN.—A stroike, is ut? Will, thin, begorry, yez kin help me wid me washin'.

MR. CORRIGAN.—Av coorse Oi will, darlint. If the tub breaks down, Oi 'll fix it fur yez.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

THOUGHT HE DARKENED DOORS.

BILL.—What did her father say?

JILL.—That he did n't want me to darken his door again.

BILL.—He must have taken you for a house-painter!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SIX MONTHS FREE

To introduce the Industrial Amusement Record, we will send it six months free. It shows how immense profits may be quickly and safely made on secured investments, and gives advice that may be worth thousands of dollars to you, pointing out the safe, short road to wealth. Summer Resort and Park Amusement enterprises pay profits of from 50 to 100 per cent. yearly and in some cases as high as 500 per cent. You should have inside facts and information regarding this great money-making business. Simply send your address to The Industrial Amusement Record, 27 William St., New York.



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HUNTER RYE

IS DUE TO ITS HIGH
CHARACTER AND THE
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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS.

'T was a city sparrow, wise and debonnaire,
Idly loafing through the country with his
mate.

Stupid country birds were building every-
where.

For the nesting-time was growing very late,
But the sparrow, with his lady
In a tree-top cool and shady
Gazed with scorn upon the work and twit-
tered: "Stuff!"

To his mate he chirruped shrilly:
"Is n't all this labor silly,
When a roosting-place at night is quite
enough?"

'T was a motherly old robin, near at hand,
Who was busy at her building with the rest,
And she turned upon the sparrows to demand
How they meant to hatch their eggs with-
out a nest.

"Such impertinence!" half sadly
Said the sparrow; "and yet gladly
I'll impart to you the knowledge that you beg."
Then, with haughty condescension,
He remarked: "I need but mention
That it's possible to obviate the egg."

'T was a congress of the birds of every sort,
All indignantly assembled to protest
Their displeasure, when the robin made
report

Of the threatened abolition of the nest.
And they spoke of it as "awful!"
"Selfish," "scandalous," "unlawful,"
And they prophesied "the country's speedy
fall."

But the sparrows, quite disdaining
All this ignorant complaining,
Simply went their way, unmindful of it all.

'T was a sage old owl—a very solemn bird—
Sat and listened while his feathered fellows
fought.

Never once he opened his mouth to say a word,
But he did a lot of hinking—and he
thought:

"So the sparrows think it best
To abolish eggs and nest.
Well, perhaps the wisdom is n't theirs at all,
But a plan of good Dame Nature's
To eliminate such creatures.
Let them have their way. The loss is mighty
small."

—Catholic Standard and Times.



JUST A LITTLE RIDE.

MISS MANHATTAN.—Where would you like to go this evening, Cousin?
SIR ROTTEN ROWE (of London).—My word, a ripping idea! Let's take
a cab out to Niagara Falls, view the cataract and come back in time for supper
and the play.

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass
of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful
tonic it makes.

America's appreciation
of the National game is not more
enthusiastic than it gives to Murad
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MURAD CIGARETTES

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MILLER BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.

A CHANGE.

"Yes," said the lazy son, "I'm out of work again."
 "Ail right," said the wise father; "you come down to my store and we'll change all that. You won't get out of work there; I'll get work out of you."
 —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE GIRL who usually spends all winter learning how to skate frequently spends all Summer learning to swim.—*Somerville Journal.*

PITTSBURG has had its share of divorce troubles, but it will hardly submit tamely to Chicago's attempts to lecture on them in a tone of superiority.—*Washington Star.*

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and damp, and get tired easily. If you have tired, aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures aching, swollen, sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Shine on!
 It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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 facts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 250 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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One representative recently made \$1,947 in one week. Active people can make \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. We are financing one of the most profitable commercial enterprises in the world. The stock of this company is a perfectly safe, high-grade security that will pay from 80 to 100 per cent. dividends with future profits and possibilities almost unlimited. Similar enterprises have paid 100 per cent. and over for years. For full particulars address at once, **EMPIRE BOND & SECURITIES CO., 40 Exchange Place, New York.**

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LIFE'S RECOMPENSE.

In childhood day I knew a boy
 Who had a most prehensile toe;
 He'd snoop around and spoil our joy
 By walking off, much to our woe,
 With marbles which he picked up neat
 Beneath his bare and dextrous feet,
 When one would scarcely know.
 But one day our revenge we found;
 And just before he came around
 We put some marbles on the ground
 That had been heated in the fire.
 He jumped six feet and maybe higher!
 It cured him; and the verdict passed—
 "He got caught up at last!"

In college days there was a youth
 Who stood high in the tutor's eyes;
 Yet he was not the soul of truth,
 Nor was he good or very wise.
 But when exams were pretty stiff
 He'd only murmur, "What's the dif?"
 And walk off with the prize.
 He was a lad with wit enough
 To know just what to "cram" and "stuff,"
 And in his watch or on his cuff
 He'd put the facts he did n't know;
 Until a prof who was not slow
 An eagle-eye upon him cast—
 He got caught up at last.

In manhood's days I find that graft
 Makes lots of money for the few;
 That life insurance robbers laughed,
 At what the people said they'd do.
 The bribe in legislative hall
 Before our rights oft had the call—
 The practice stuck like glue.
 But lots of graft has led to jail,
 The "yellow dog" has furred his tail,
 And Dowie's halo has grown pale;
 Depew is sick, McCall is dead—
 He paid for others' sins, 'tis said,
 And yet we hear the chorus vast—
 He got caught up at last.
 —*American Spectator.*

So THE salary of the football coach is to be no more than that paid to "other members of the faculty" of the same rank. Um-m-m, looks a little like professional jealousy.—*Indianapolis News.*

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GREEN
 AND
 YELLOW

RARE
 PIQUANT
 FLAVOR



This famous Cordial, known as Chartreuse, has for centuries been the preferred after-dinner liqueur of Polite Society.

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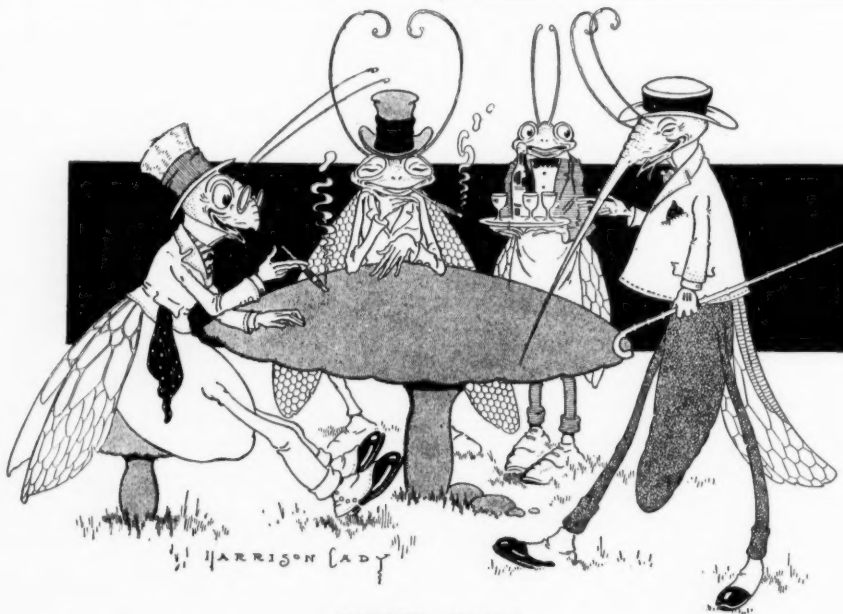
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Bottled only under this label. Its higher price is your protection.



BEFORE MEALS.

MR. BEETLE.—Hello, Skeeter! What'll you have to drink?
 MR. MOSQUITO.—A kerosene cocktail for mine; it's the best appetizer I ever struck.

Backed by U.S. Law

March 3rd, 1897 a law was passed by Congress and the Senate and signed by the President of the U. S. — to protect the public against impure Whiskies.

Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey

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Complies with this law and is bottled under direct supervision of Govt. Officials and bears U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Avoid Whiskies Not Guaranteed by U. S.

Sunny Brook Distillery Co., Jefferson County, Ky.



PROFIT AND LOSS.

MR. COLE.—How yo' makin' out, Clarence?
MR. COKE (the waiter).—Ah's stationary, Ah is. All Ah make in tips heah Ah loses in tips at de track.

Summer Hotel Men
would do well to order now a supply of

EVANS ALE

for the enjoyment and happiness of their coming guests.

Any Dealer Anywhere
C. H. EVANS & SONS
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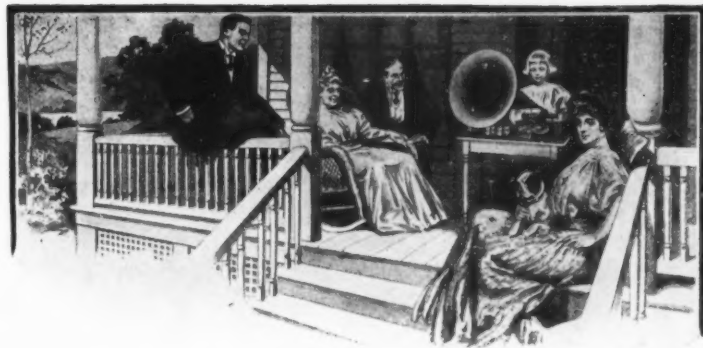
Pears'

Learn to say "Pears'" when you ask for soap. There are other soaps, of course, but Pears' is best for you and matchless for the complexion.

You can buy Pears' everywhere.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



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WHAT can be more delightful than fine music outdoors on summer evenings? One of the many good points of the Edison Phonograph is its portability. Unlike any other automatic musical entertainer, it can be moved to the porch, or taken with you on your summer vacation.

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De White House bee am buzzin',
It am buzzin' like de saw;
Its hum am heard by Fairbanks,
An' p'raps by Mister Shaw.

But de place to hear de hummin'
Ob de music sweet and soft,
Is 'round de rosey blossom—
De face of Billy Taft.

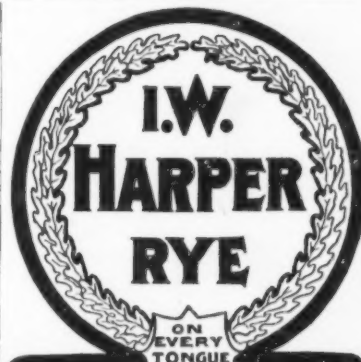
—American Spectator.

AN ORMOND RECORD.

REDD.—They say that Ormond—Daytona Beach, down in Florida, is a great place for records.

GREENE.—Yes; when I was in Ormond I heard of a loggerhead turtle that laid 340 eggs there! —
Yonkers Statesman.

THIS is the season for the kind of grafting that pays a man only \$2.50 a day.—
Somerville Journal.



Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

NOT ALWAYS A LOBSTER.

"Do not judge a man too hastily when he gets into hot water," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "others besides lobsters get in hot water."—
Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN a man calls you mysteriously one side and says he wants a few minutes' private conversation with you, don't you always feel that he is going to borrow money?—
Somerville Journal.

CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors and aged to please the most critical palate. No trouble, no time, no disappointment. Just strain through cracked ice and serve. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, etc.

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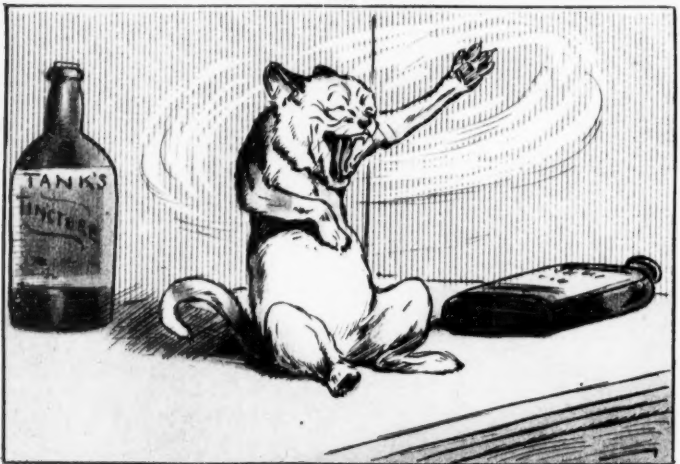
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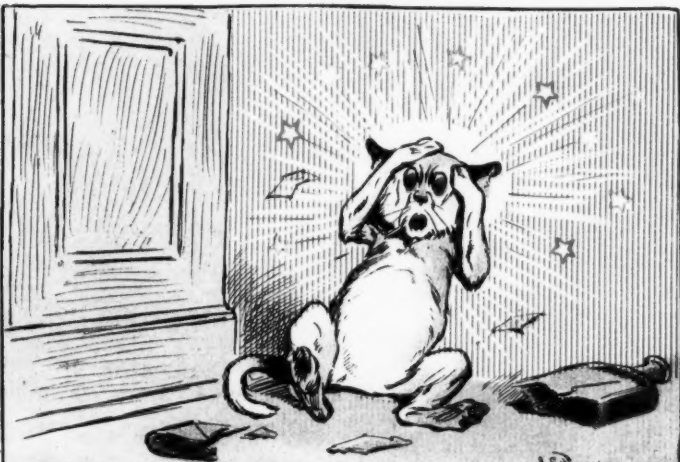
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